



Published by the Evening World Publishing Company, No. 55 to 59 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 45.....NO. 15,929.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE.

VII.—On Flanking Difficulties.

The conduct of war is very like the conduct of life—which perhaps accounts for the saying that "life is a conflict." In their splendid management of the war against Russia the Japanese generals have illustrated many times the advantage of "flanking movements." When a frontal attack was necessary these intrepid soldiers have not hesitated to make it, at whatever cost. But if they could force the Russians back by turning their flanks they have chosen that method. And the results of their brilliant strategy have been quite as valuable and infinitely less costly in the lives of their soldiers than the fruits of their bloody battles.

In the same way it is often a great deal better to flank the ordinary troubles and vexations of domestic life than to attack and overcome them. It makes a braver spectacle, to be sure, and more noise, to "take arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them." But such victories are often more costly than defeats. They are, at least, "dreadful weariness to the flesh," as the old New England mothers, with their instinct for expressive phrases, used to say.

Sometimes, for example, the weary wife gets into a mood (no matter how) that may without injustice be called unreasonable. Sometimes the husband is not to put too fine a point upon it cross. Nothing is more certain than that people are never argued, nor upbraided, nor scolded, nor driven out of such states of mind. But they will generally come out if you give them half a chance. A little pleasant letting alone or a discreet diversion will often work wonders.

If there has been bad luck with the dinner praise the better one you had yesterday. It will not help matters to growl. No one ever gets a bad dinner purposely. If the housework gets delayed slip some of it to one side until another time. Don't try to do everything at once. Remember the pathetic epitaph suggested for the tombstone of the too "pison particular" housekeeper: "She has finished 'slicing up.'" A great many good women tire themselves and everybody else out in a frenzied endeavor to run things on an iron-bound schedule, with no allowance for accidents.

You will arrive at your destined goal quite as soon and in far better condition if you execute a flank movement occasionally on finding too great an obstacle in the path of a direct march.

This is especially true in the government of children. When your play-loving boy asks to go out after supper, and you do not think it best for any reason that he should, do not say shortly: "No—you cannot; the place for boys is in the house at night." If the lad has any of the old Adam in him—as all boys have who are really worth raising—he will either rebel or sulk or manage in some way to make himself and everybody near him uncomfortable until bedtime. You can perhaps rule him by force or authority. But how much better to make him prefer to stay in—or at least reconcile him to it. Propose a game, taking a hand yourself; or read to him out of a book a little beyond his range of reading but quite within his range of interest—anything to give the child a happy time and make him forget his disappointment.

No time is better expended in family government than in helping the children to prefer or to accept cheerfully the wiser way indicated by their parents.

The wisest and most successful mothers are those who avoid, whenever possible, direct issue on trivial matters with young children who have—perhaps as an inheritance—a very positive will of their own. It is quite possible to "go one eye" on little delinquencies without being blind to disobedience or positive wrongdoing. Those especially who cannot rule their own spirits should be very careful how they force a conflict with those under them. Words said or deeds done in anger are seldom just or wise.

The philosophy of flanking little difficulties deserves to be more studied, and, without confounding it with the easily besetting sin of shirking responsibilities that should be squarely met, to be more practised. It is productive of amiable moods, of cheerfulness, of peace, of good digestion, and so is an ally of happiness. Many a position that cannot be carried by storm can be turned; many an obstacle hard to surmount can be passed by. Learn from the great Field Marshal Oyama!

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Complain at Headquarters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to ask you if you can let me if policemen can hit you for looking at a snapshot. I was on my way home and he tore my collar which I had on. The captain at the police station told me to make complaint against him. He hit me twice in the face on Thursday night, March 23, on Ninth avenue between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, about 6:30. His number is 378.

Fatal "Catarrh" Drugs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
C. R. writes in Thursday evening's paper about young men using the so-called catarrh cure. It is, I think, the very same powder which has ruined my husband. Three years ago he held an excellent position and we were very happy and prosperous. He was suffering with catarrh, and some one recommended this catarrh cure, which, as C. R. says, can be had in any drug store. My husband has become a wreck through its use; his position gone, our home broken up. Can nothing be done to stop the sale of this powder. Think of the misery it has brought on our home—a good man's life wrecked and misery brought on an innocent babe and loving wife.

Policeman as B. R. T. Employee.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Being a Brooklyn taxpayer, I have been astonished at seeing the duties which should be delegated to a regular, paid employee of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit fulfilled by a policeman, paid by the city. This is on the Brooklyn side of the Bridge, Lexington avenue line platform. I have noticed an officer contemplating the ticket-chopping machine, in hopes of catching some of us people in the act of forgetting to deposit our tickets.

A Country Without a Name.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the name of this country? We call it the United States, but there are other United States, too. I have

the United States of Venezuela, of Colombia, &c. To style our country the United States of America is equally erroneous, since the other United States are also United States of America. The term America, which may, also erroneously, apply to this section of the world, is equally absurd, seeing that a portion of America (which we are) cannot be America in toto. It seems to me that we are either destitute of a name or else we are applying to ourselves a cognomen that is certainly some one's else. At any rate, this is the only country that is uncertain how to sign itself. Let us get a name! C. T. M.

B. R. T. Waiting Rooms.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad to see you are trying to wake up the B. R. T.—Brooklyn's Rapid Transit. The service at Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue is outrageous; bad; it is nothing to wait in dirty waiting rooms from one-half to one hour to get to Tenth avenue. It does a great deal to keep down the population out this way.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I had occasion to use the Brooklyn "L" Railroad the other day. After paying my nickel, I walked out on the platform and joined the throng that were rubber-necking up the line looking for the train that did not appear. I asked one gentleman how long he had waited. He replied: "What day and time is it, tell me? Ha! ha! rapid transit!" He muttered, "Poor fellow! I walked away and left him." C. R.

Women on the Brooklyn "L."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your article on the crush at the Brooklyn Bridge are all very good, but will you please tell me why so many ladies ride on the elevated roads from Brooklyn to New York when there is a lot of room in the surface cars? I noticed this morning that nearly all the cars had men in them and but few ladies, and the cars were not in the least crowded.

Said on the Side.

A DAY'S DOINGS of the "weaker sex" as reported in the news: Drafting a bill for the Wisconsin Legislature to punish pravity of play; graduating, to the number of twenty-eight, from a New York law school; rapping a burglar through ingenious detective work; "holding up" a Chicago professor at the point of a revolver and robbing him of \$33; fighting Uncle Sam to recover 45 cents duty paid on a souvenir spoon; renting the highest-priced apartment in New York, paying \$15,000 yearly; extinguishing the flames in a burning Staten Island house. In variety also versatility feminine achievement continues to be the marvel of "mere man."

Distinguished American actor sustains his reputation for eccentricity by announcing that he will perform a classic play by Moliere "exactly as the author wrote it."

Magistrate Crane says "no woman should ever play poker," and, according to Dr. Parkhurst, "the sin of gambling is the same regardless of the side of the stakes." Might cut this item out and lay it alongside the "buck" for ready reference to-night.

Wifkins—I believe that dog of mine knows as much as I do.
Bifkins—Huh! I've seen smarter dogs than that.—Chicago News.

Gas Trust balance sheet error of \$13,000,000 may be the work of the man who makes out the bills.

"Is Sunday baseball any worse than Sunday golf?" asks the head resident of the Newark Neighborhood House. Are there no quibbles of the moral law which impertinent questioners are bound to respect?

Left for New York to show the extraordinary spectacle of a mob following a respectable citizen and his daughter from a courtroom through the streets and across the bridge to Brooklyn, jeering and mocking the victims of their chase till they were forced to take refuge in the home of a stranger.

By fashion's latest edict the feminine waist must be two inches less in circumference than it was last year, and the shoulders broader. Remembrance of the feminine glass of fashion and mould of form to an hour glass grows daily more striking.

Maud—You are disappointed in Dick as a lover? Why?
Mabel—Oh, he's so safe and sane!—Chicago Tribune.

Easy to believe that it was "a proud night for Sharkey" when the Mayor complimented his pupils on their skill in "putting up the dukes." Proud days for the fistuff profession all around with Jeffries figuring in classic drama. Corbett winning stage laurels in New York and a tribute of admiration from Bernard Shaw in London, and humbler lights joining in a "service of song," when the police broke in.

Press agent finds the utmost resources of his vocabulary necessary to do justice to the wonders which Coney Island is preparing to show the visitor this summer. World's fair may come and go, but Coney, with its endless vista of Midway marvels, goes on forever, a perpetual delight and a joy for all time.

"Hats to be trimmed by law." In Missouri hereafter, the statute prescribing, under penalty of a fine of \$25, what birds may be used on feminine headgear and what not. Law output of Western legislatures is attaining a quality and a comprehensiveness which may excite feelings of envy at Albany.

"Night caps have gone out of date, have they not?"
"Yes, used externally."—Houston Post.

It appears from the fate of the Subway train in the wreck and fire at One Hundred and Sixty-eighth street that the conditions under which wood will burn and steel will not are the same for cars as for other articles. Fact that the copper-sheathed wooden cars, which were guaranteed to be "reasonably fire proof," burned to their trucks, while the steel cars were only blackened by the flames, helps to a clearer definition of "reasonably" as used in connection with the safety of buildings, &c.

Perhaps that picture of a cow sent from Europe to America's "trust-king" was intended for the Beef Trust.

British inventor experimenting with a pendulum which will keep a clock going a million years without winding up. Might be useful to mark time for police reform committees and other investigation perennials.

Western mining man who failed to make a success of his "Consolidated Black Cat Company, Limited," should have stuck to "wild cats."

Ostend—Pa, what's an infernal machine?
Pa—Why, a photograph running after midnight, my son.—Columbus Dispatch.

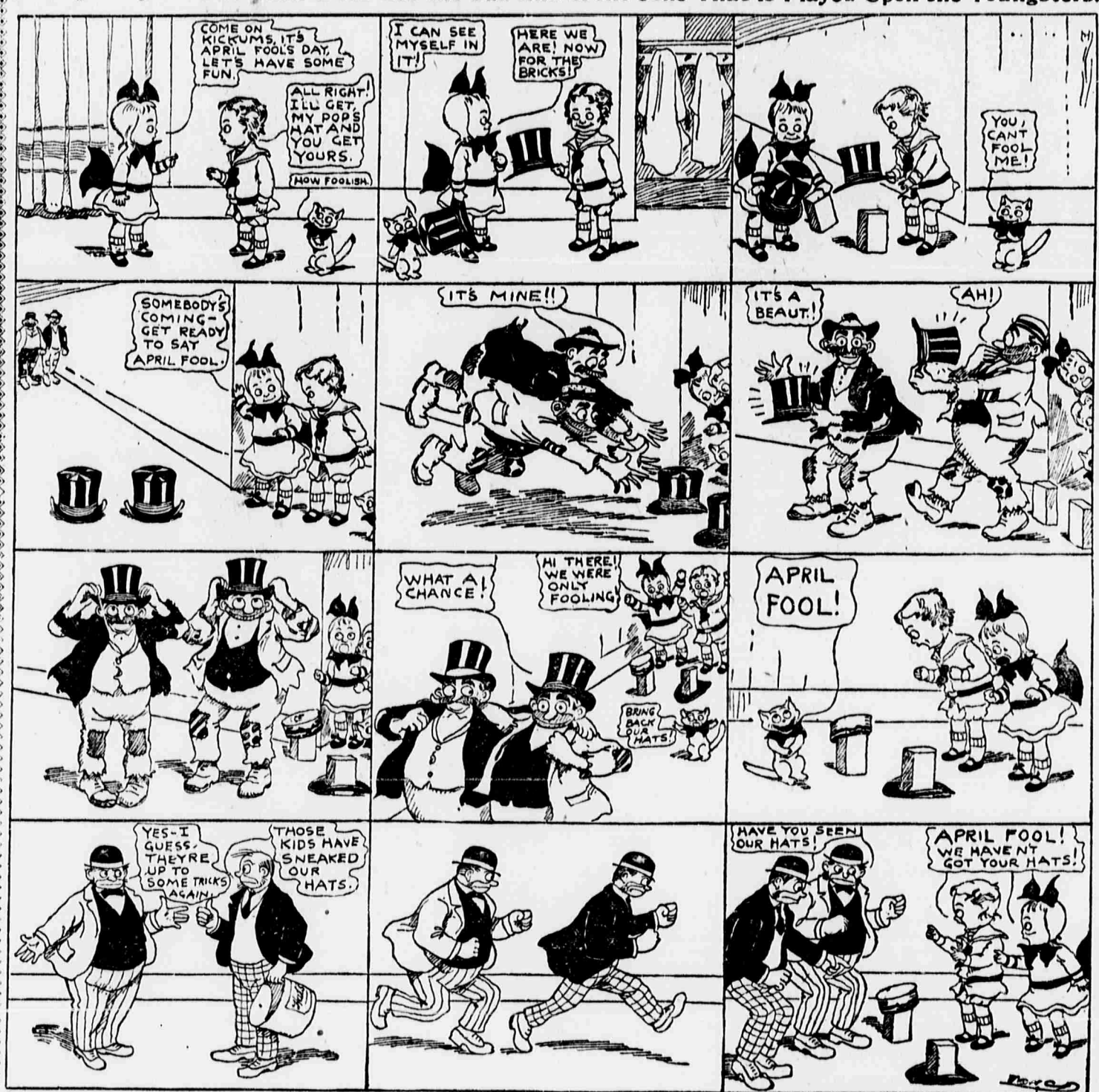
Among the "five great addresses of recent times" Sir Saurie Bancroft includes Ada Rehan. Concerning which the Pall Mall Gazette says: "When one thinks of the furor which her Katherine, Rosalind and Viola, to say nothing of her brilliant performances in farce, created, of the crowds that used to go to see her, and of the applause she called forth, her disappearance becomes incomprehensible. She is still acting in America, and from time to time she visits friends in London, and when we read of these things and of her comeliness and goings we almost feel the faint beginnings of a positive sense of personal injury."

Gratifying to note that the remodelled Casino Theatre will come in on the ground floor, where it should have been in the first place.

Possibly the Carnegie competition was too much for the Tabern Tan.

Mary Jane and Kickums Are April Fooled.

But Their Dads Get the Sad End of the Joke That Is Played Upon the Youngsters.



One Is Enough.

By Nixola-Greeley Smith.



Nixola-Greeley Smith

YOUNG woman who

became enamored with a dimple

and an eyelash and proceeded to marry the

whole lot without stopping to consider

whether her general aggregate

of charms and graces is such as to recon-

cile them to the loss of what they

must inevitably give up for her—the

haunting Helen of their dreams. Prac-

tical people are apt to regard all

talk of "affinities" as silly. Indeed,

affinity is a silly word. But it repre-

sents a very wonderful, actual thing,

and if we wait to discover the man or

woman who defines it for us we will

realize that one is indeed enough with-

out the added discomfort of feeling that

it is too many.

PLAUSIBLE THEORY.

Mifkins—I wonder why money is so

actually scarce?

Bifkins—I guess the leaman must be

saving it up to buy coal with.—Chicago

News.

Knowledge.

Billy—Who was Benjamin Franklin,

Eddie—Wot! You don't know that?

Why he was de feller wot invented

lightning.

A Very Frank Critic.

Violinist—What makes you like the first part of this piece best?

Kind Friend—Because it has so many notes in it.

Take Your Choice.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

...By Roy L. McCardell...

"I DON'T see why you do not take an interest in your home, like Mr. Cheesekate takes in his. He doesn't go to Wall street these days because some enemies down there, jealous of his success, have used their influence with the Government and the post-office people will not deliver his mail. Mr. Cheesekate doesn't know who has done this. He says it may be J. P. Morgan or George Gould or John W. Gates, who are afraid Mr. Cheesekate will put them out of business."

"Mr. Cheesekate intends to see President Roosevelt about it, for he is a personal friend of the President and knew him when he was a Police Commissioner here in New York."

"Well, I was going to tell you, Mr. Cheesekate has been collecting cigar bands and making the loveliest decorative plates of them. They look beautiful, only you can't use them for anything; still, that is decorative art as applied to the home, and the Cheesekate's home is beautiful, everything covered with gold paint and blue silk ribbons, and Mrs. Cheesekate just raves over making umbrellas stands out of cane-o-nine tails on them and she has them all over the house and they look grand. Only you must be careful not to put a wet umbrella in them, because they have no bottom, and when the drippings from the umbrella trickle out on the floor it makes the color run out of the red denim floor covering. Mrs. Cheesekate won't use rugs or carpets. She says their colors are so glaring that they offend every artistic feeling."

"The Cheesekates are not entertaining this season because Mrs. Cheesekate says she wants to be sure that the

neighbors are proper people before she holds any of her little affairs, and, anyway, she expects to move any night and she doesn't want the landlord to know they are going. She says the landlord suspects they are and calls every day, telling them if they move he will go to law about it. And, anyway, they intend to move at night because the broad glare of day turns Mr. Cheesekate's eyes."

"He can't see any one. He wouldn't even see the grocer and butcher the other day. And it was awful the way those men shouted up the dumb walk."

Mrs. Cheesekate says she certainly would withdraw her patronage. And what do you think those tradesmen—ind in so offensive a manner for? Well, just because Mr. Cheesekate had given them checks which, through some mistake at the bank, came back not paid."

"Mr. Cheesekate thinks that it is the enemies he has in Standard Oil who have done this. They control all the banks, you know. And the other day, he says, Mr. Rockefeller saw him reading a copy of Everybody's Magazine, and he said that Mr. Rockefeller was terribly angry at him."

"But he told Rockefeller that he couldn't dictate to him, and if the Rockefeller did one thing, just that much, he would float an oil trust to put Standard Oil out of business, and Mrs. Cheesekate says that Mr. Cheesekate has a terrible temper when he's aroused."

"Nonsense, you say? Oh, of course, I might know you would sneer at Mr. Cheesekate, and he told me he was going to sell you some mining stock he has just freshly printed."

"It has lovely gold seals on it and looks beautiful. It is only 25 cents a share now, but next Wednesday it will be 50 cents a share."

"No, no, you are a millionaire, Mr. Nagg, because you are not a shrewd financier like Mr. Cheesekate, and yet Mr. Cheesekate is a millionaire."

"No, no, you say another word! You've hurt my feelings!"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Please Stop, Mr. Carnegie!

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Mr. Carnegie announces that the demand for libraries has DROPPED to one a day and that he must do something ELSE in order to die poor! He proposes to give the rest of his money to SMALL COLLEGES. This means that he will turn them into BIG ONES! Then there will be NO small colleges left. Please stop, Mr. Carnegie! Do not fix things so that ALL the boys will have to turn their pants up at the bottom, wear flat hats and yell "Rah! Rah! Rah! Foole-e-sh!" Please save a FEW places where the modesty and common sense of youth can be preserved. Give YOUR MONEY to Charley Schwab rather than to the colleges. He can USE IT UP at roulette. We do not mind your libraries. We can STAY AWAY from them. But some of us OUGHT to go to college—and to small ones. The smaller they are the better. Mr. Carnegie should be CONSIDERATE of some things beside his monument.

IN ABSENCE.

Thou sleepless longing for the dear one's face, His touch, his presence—leave me, I adjure thee! Torment me not; grant but a moment's space For that clear vision that shall reassure me! However close our burning cheeks might press, The soul's unspoken distance must divide us— But this—the angels call it happiness— This high ecstatic pain that doth unite us! Now self is lost in disembodied bliss, And I forgot to hunger for his kiss. —Edna Goodale Eastman in Spring-Sold Republic.